

Spirit of the Age.

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ORIGINAL

For the Spirit of the Age.

LITTLE LILLIE.

By EVA LEWIS.

Charming little Lillie!
With her eyes of brown,
And around her cherry mouth
A smile is ever found.
Her cheeks are like the roses,
Her hair is like the gold,
Her tiny hand within mine own,
Lies softly, trembling.

Winsome little Lillie!
The darling of her home
Making joy and sunshine
As she lightly roams.

Joyous little creature!
Fitting here and there,
Now upon the doormat,
Now upon the stair.

Pattering little footsteps
Sweetest music make,
And her laugh is ringing,
Brightest thoughts awake.

Oh! the heart of childhood!
Innocence and joy
There are mingled ever,
With us foul alloy.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE INVULNERABLE SOLDIER.

By C. H. CO. E. T. R. N. C. T.

Not a single drop of blood
In his veins, nor a single tear
In his eyes, nor a single sigh
In his heart, nor a single fear.

But not a drop of blood
In his veins, nor a single tear
In his eyes, nor a single sigh
In his heart, nor a single fear.

And oh! it seems like a dream
The morning will surely dawn
Sweetest picture bright, I used to love,
Faded quickly with their soft and gentle bloom.

The smiling fields before me brightly lay,
And sweetest music from the waving grain came up,
The blossoms whisp'ring the warm golden ray,
As down it nestled in its crimson cup.

The forest trees are headed with bright green,
The birds are singing mid the soft sweet shade,
And on the drooping grass the sunlight's sheen
Falls as a jeweled veil is gently laid.

But I sadly turn away from these
A sadness greets me from their blossoms now;
I hear no music in the soft breeze,
It cannot calm my wildly throbbing brow.

Not the blossoms of the earth so quickly die;
There is no silence in their soft perfume,
Then seek sad, plaining heart for joys on high,
That live in holiness beyond the tomb.

I feel most decidedly blue,
Life's roses are turned into a thistle;
My sweetheart turned out untrue,
And kicked me as sick as a whistle.

Of village girls she was the belle,
As plump as a partridge she grew;
Her lips for two cherries would sell,
And her cheeks are as red as a rose.

I courted her day after day,
And expected a wedding to follow;
But alas! for my love away,
Her heart, like a pumpkin was hollow.

I hate it so awful indeed,
I've lost all my appetite;
I scarcely eat one bit of food,
And never sleep one wink at night.

It bores me so awfully bad,
And my gizzard's so brim full of sorrow,
If only the power I had,
I'd be off for Kamaskaty to-morrow.

But the fin are so awfully scarce,
That I'm saved from becoming a nunny;
And so for a lightness of purse,
I must die here in good old Virginia.

And when in the grave I shall lie,
And folks are about me above,
If they ask what it was made me die,
Then—my gizzard was cracked with pure love.

For the Spirit of the Age.

WINE IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Many those times, when the fruit of the vine cannot conveniently be obtained, use blackberry wine and other (so called) wines at the Lord's supper. But many are not satisfied therewith—fearing they are disobeying Christ and will suffer therefore. Hence the question arises with many such; whether we should use the same kind of bread and wine that Christ used at the institution of the supper, in order to a proper and real observance thereof? The time of the day, week or year, or a similar place (an upper room) or a reclining position are not necessary; it is conceded, but we are allowed to depart from the kind of bread and wine first used? In baptism water of some kind, not sand or anything else, is required—all agree. But who will satisfy us on the wine question? We cannot; yet we make a remark or two, on the general subject.

When Christ instituted the Lord's supper, he likely took of the bread and wine used in the Passover, and as to the bread, it was expressly required to be unleavened, unfermented, yea, as nothing of a fermented nature was allowed (as leaven or ferment was a kind of type or symbol of sin) at the time, it would be necessary for the wine to be unfermented. The cup (as is a general thought) was not introduced at the institution of the Passover, but later date, and the most authentic Jews still use unfermented wine on the Passover night. It is customary in the Paschal supper to mingle the wine with water, thus also likely the case in the Lord's supper, at least so did the more pious and many later, to symbolize Christ's side.

But another and first question arises; what kind of wine was used in the Passover and at first in the Lord's supper? As to the wine used, it is to be observed, that wine is not mentioned at all in connection with the feast, but it is the fruit of the vine, and it is a fact that most of these called wines are made entirely of something else, having no fruit of the vine in them. Now the fruit of the vine being expressly required, a further question ensues, as it may exist in too kinds or rather qualities, fermented or unfermented, intoxicating or not, which is the proper and the right one. Of the various kinds of wines mentioned in the Bible, they are evidently of two qualities, the one intoxicating, a mocker, a fit emblem of wrath, the other good, pure and healthful—not a luxury, but nourishing as milk, a fit emblem of mercy. The one is totally forbidden; Be not drunk with wine, wherein (in the least quantity of which) is excess (in Gr. asotia, unhealthy for soul and body) antagonistic to the spirit in its effects. Now Christ, as holy harmless and undefiled, doubtless did not use life as he refused in death, the unhealthy wine, nor would he make such at the marriage feast in Cana when men were well seated or satisfied, not intoxicated necessarily or likely to be on this occasion. Nor would He institute his memorial feast with wine that contained that baneful ingredient alcohol, and thereby give his divine seal and so patent its approval and use, that in various kinds of liquors has ruined individuals, families and nations in soul and body, for time and for eternity.

Again it is next impossible in most places to get the pure fermented wine of the grape or any thing else, while the unfermented may be obtained either as a fruit of the vine or as a grape during vintage, as the fruit and the ancient generally used it, or from the grape preserved as ruinous by pressing or soaking in water, or better and more commonly the grape juice may be boiled to evaporate so much of the water (and only water) as may be necessary to prevent fermentation. Let alone, the fresh juice, would ferment and so the wine would be that is free from alcohol; so that nature would not make (in its finished work) an intoxicating, ruining substance. The Passover was not celebrated and of course the Lord's supper not instituted in the season of fresh grapes, hence Christ said, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." Liquors of raisins or preserved grapes as they then likely used was far less palatable than the juice of the new fresh grapes. In heaven, the fruit of the vine in its most attractive and refreshing form would be offered.

It seems that the early Christians were almost as strict as Nazirites and used no wine (fermented or not) save at the supper and as medicine. For Paul exhorted Timothy to use a little wine or his stomach's sake and debility in its unforgotten state for the fermented would not suit a have departed and the church at Corinth may lay not, for "had the Christians whom the Apostle reproved been guilty of inebriation, would he have overlooked so grave an offence? The same Apostle—who said "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God." Could he have contented himself with exhorting these brethren to wait for their brethren? Wait, for what? To plunge with them, at the sacred feast, into inebriation! And this in a religion which teaches us to make the positive, subservient always, and by all means, to the moral! To prefer mercy to sacrifice!

But whatever uncertainty there may be about the kind of wine proper to use (if the wine or not, fermented or not) one thing is certain there can be no wrong, no departure from the Master's command, if the fruit of the vine is used and in its unfermented state.

In conclusion, besides other reasons not mentioned for the use of the unfermented fruit of the vine, not the least important is that of removing a stumbling-block from the reformed inebriate, as well as others that might thus be led to go astray, and so take a strong argument from the temperate and from the opposers of religion. We are to deny ourselves—not only for our own good, but for that of others, and if drinking fermented wine or eating leavened bread (in the sacrament) my brother to offend, or to be led astray, while the world stands—especially when using the unfermented, if do good, will prevent much harm. The reformed drunkard is in danger of relapsing into the same disease and, as with other diseases, especially so with this relapse is generally the worst—the last state of that man is worse than the first, and though his moral resolution may be as strong as any one, yet his enemy is a physical one and he can no more resist the physical effect when within the contagion, than he can resist any other bodily disease or effect by a moral effort. The mind may be "willing but the flesh is weak;" for the seed or seeds of the disease or inebriety is not in the mind, but in the flesh, though it subjects the mind, hence the body must be guarded to secure the welfare of both for time and eternity. The bodily senses must be guarded; a covenant must be made with the eyes not to look upon the wine when it is red in the cup; yea, more the organ of smell must be protected. He must be on the lookout to avoid the temptation, for the enemy of the reformed man, has been known to sprinkle the deceiverful liquor in his way—to decoy and rob him and his family of his daily earnings. And will the church of God knowingly do a kindred act in the celebration of the Lord's supper! Beware, enter not into the path of evil, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. And lastly he must not taste it at the Lord's supper or anywhere else, lest like an electric shock, the whole system be excited to demand (regardless of right or wrong) the bane of life and comfort. Yea he should avoid everything that approaches thereto, even the appearance of evil in his case, as might be either, bear or any of the innocent, but stimulating drinks that are apt to produce a vicious and morbid appetite in any one. Knowing his infirmity he should avoid everything that might overpower and betray and so overwhelm and ruin him, and so also should others, especially Christians avoid putting the stumbling block in his (and perhaps others) way, especially at the Lord's supper. R. A.

SELECTIONS.

A DICTIONARY FOR THE TIMES

BY NOAH WEBSTER, JR.

England.—According to Dr. Cumming, the theatre of the fulfilment of prophecy.—Lord Palmerston and others consider it the balance wheel of Europe.

Eminent Men.—Those who can make the most noise and do most harm in the world.

Folly.—To expect that men are what they profess to be.

Panaticism.—To be an earnest Bible loving and Biblicizing Christian, favoring revivals of religion and laboring to promote vital godliness in the world. Spirituality has too much truth about it to be entitled to the name.

Rathens.—The learned and writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, who have given credence to the theological world. Of course they were "Bible."

Greatness.—To write a book, or be elected to Congress.

Gentleman.—A well-dressed man, who smokes cigars, drinks brandy, talks politics, and swears.

Germany.—The storehouse of erudition and metaphysics. Its literature should all be translated into English for the benefit of posterity, lest they might read American books and become practical.

Honesty.—To short weight and measure in selling, because it is customary to do so—e. g., coal, and cord-wood.

Humor.—To profane and indecent things in a refined and genteel way, to raise a laugh at the expense of good sense and good manners.

Inconsistency.—To subscribe to a creed you don't believe and condemn a man for acting as you have done yourself.

Independence.—To consult nobody's wishes, feeling or without your own, and every one wronged by yourself.

Love.—Passionate attraction. The gratifying force of praved human nature.

Money.—The deity of the present age.

Narrow-mindedness.—To think differently from the majority. To refuse "to go with the multitude to do evil."

Revolutions.—Political excitement, occasioned by "wildfire" and resulting in "floods."

Revolution.—The sound of an organ accompanied by the voices of two or three opera singers who are paid by the year. This performance is believed by some to be singing the praises of God "with the spirit and with the understanding," others consider it solemn mockery.

Unity in Diversity.—To agree that there is a God, and differ on all other points.

We.—A personal pronoun, used by speakers and writers to represent themselves, when they imagine they are the greatest men living.

Young Men.—Individuals who necessarily "know nothing" and should therefore be kept in the back ground. O tempora! O mores!—Lutheran Observer.

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

A curious instance occurred in the great city of London, some time back, in which a rascal was outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very successful business man and a very successful man in his apartment with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but in and out of his chair to the sitting room. A well known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till his servant was sent upon a message. The vagabond entered the kitchen, walked down stairs, where, as he expected, he found the man alone and helpless.

"I am sorry to see you in such a situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and the servant is out." The gentleman started. "It is precisely because I have been exposed—for behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table, and putting these things in my pocket, and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose."

"Pray help yourself," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him.

The rogue did so accordingly. He found the plate in the sideboard, and many other things that suited him; and in ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow, and departed.

But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle. He had taken an exact likeness of the thief with the pencil; and on his servant's returning soon after, he dispatched him immediately to Bow-street, with the drawing and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterward, the property on him identified, sworn to; and in six weeks he was on his way to Botany Bay.—Lady's Companion

A GOOD HAUL.—The Abingdon Virginian of the 20th, learns that a part of the 3d Tennessee regiment captured 72,000 lbs. of Yankee bacon and the teams that hauled it, with their negro drivers, in upper East Tennessee, a few days ago. They are now all safe in our hands.

BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL THOUGHT.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death bed. It is hard to part with the pet of the family; the golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird like voice, the truthful affectionate child. How could she be given up? Between this child and her father had always existed not relationship merely but the love of congenial nature. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not "Thy will be done." It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked very much distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length.

"What, my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa, I am sick, I feel broken down, I must do it cost you every year!"

"Hush dear, do be quiet," he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please, papa how much do I cost you?" To soothe her he replied, though with a shaking voice, "Well, darling, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because papa I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year—in Bibles, for poor children—to remember me by."

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble loving spirit mingling with his like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future, Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with a solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year, as long as I live," and Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven.—Field and Fireside.

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.—Fun, says Quilp is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief so much as when they are laughing. Laughter is friend to every virtue. It is genial and a temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect.

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FACTS FOR THE QUAKING.

It will require half a million of men to invest Richmond with Lee's army behind the breast-works.

An army nearly the equal in numbers of its antagonist cannot be "penned up" by all the strategy that Grant can concoct.

Men so thoroughly whipped as the Yankees are not going to besiege the army that whipped them. Grant has made no headway since he set down to his work, and every hour finds his force hold more insecure.

McClellan accomplished all that has been done by "the man on horse back" with a loss of less than five thousand men. Grant has lost fifty thousand.

In the West, Gen. Johnston is stronger to day than when he commenced his retreat. The enemy has lost 20,000 men, and their communications are exposed.

Our General is the "master of the situation," and can say to Sherman, "thus far shalt thou go and no further." We cannot be defeated.

His retreat has been the result, not of force or haste, but of policy and premeditation; and he has exacted from the foe a heavy toll in blood for every foot of the soil over which he has traveled.

On every side, the spring campaign looks favorable, and we anticipate a glorious end to an already magnificent beginning.—Portfolio

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